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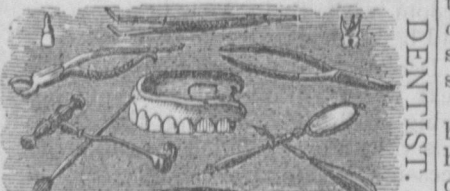
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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1879.

NUMBER 21.

POETRY.

House Cleaning.

The housekeeper giveth a cheerful hop,
And we hear the musical pittery pop
Of the moist, misty, maddening mop.

And lo, the maddening horrors rush
Athwart our souls at the soapy gush
Of the slippery, shiny scrubbing brush.

From early morn till evening gloom
We hear the scratching in hall and room
Of the boisterous, busily-bobbing broom.

And now there cometh a woeesome wail—
That angurs a gon'fally gusty gale—
From a man with his leg in the scrubbing-pail.

STORY TELLER.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

"Oh! mother, mother, I am so tired!"
"Cheer up, my child, we have not
very far to go. Come closer, let me
brush the dew from your curls. Now
take my hand."

But the child hung back, sobbing
with weariness and exhaustion, and
the pale young mother, bending over her
in the vain attempt to soothe the hyster
ical excitement, did not hear the
rumble of advancing wheels until they
passed close to her and a rough hearty
voice exclaimed:

"What ails the little girl? Ain't sick,
is she?"

Mary Ellsworth had never seen Farmer
Raynesford before; yet the moment
her eyes rested on his wrinkled, sun
burned face, with the shaggy brows
overshadowing kind eyes, she felt that
he was a friend, and made answer
promptly:

"Not sick, sir, but very tired. We
have walked a long way."

"Got much further to go?" asked
the farmer, tickling his horse's ear with
the end of his whip.

"To Breckton."

Mr. Raynesford gave a low whistle.
"That's four miles off, and the little
gal is pretty high used up already."

"I know it," said the woman with a
sigh, "but I have no money to hire a
lodging nearer. In Breckton I hope to
obtain work in the factory."

Farmer Raynesford gave the seat of
his wagon a thump with the whip
handle that made old Boney drop the
mouthful of clover he was nibbling
from the roadside and prick up his ears
in astonishment.

"I won't hear no such thing!" said
he, energetically. "Why, that child
can't go twenty rods further! Here,
get in along with me. You won't be
none the worse for a bit of supper and
a good night's rest. I know Hannah'll
scold!"

He muttered, as he lifted the
little girl to his side and extended his
hand to the mother, "but I can't see
folks perishing by the wayside and never
offer to help 'em. I don't care if she
scolds the roof of the house off."

He drove rapidly along, making oc
casional interjectional remarks to his
horse, while Mrs. Ellsworth drew her
thin shawl around the little golden
head that already drooped drowsily
upon her shoulder, and thought with a
deeper sensation of gratitude upon the
shelter heaven had provided her in her
sootiest strait.

It was an oddly-shaped old farm
house, gray with the storms of nearly
half a century, with a broad door in
one, overhung by giant lilac bushes,
and a kitchen where, even in the bloomy
month of June, a great fire roared up
the wide-throated chimney, and shin
ing rows of tins winked and glittered
at every upward leap of the flames.

Mr. Raynesford jumped out of the
wagon, threw the reins over a post,
and went in to conciliate his domestic
despot.

"Look here Hannah," said he to
a tall, angular-looking female who
emerged from a pantry near by, her
face nearly or quite as sour as the
sauce of pickles she was carrying,
"Just set a couple more plates on the
table, will you? I've brought home a
woman and a little gal I found a piece
below, e'en a most tired to death, they
was calculatin' to walk on to
Breckton, but I thought it wouldn't
hurt us to keep 'em over night."

"I'm astonished at you, Job Raynes
ford," said his better half, in a tone of
indignant remonstrance. "We might
just as well hang out a tavern sign at
once and done with it; you're always
bringing home some poor misable
creetur or other and—"

"There, there, Hannah," interrupted
Mr. Raynesford, "I'm always willin' to
hear to you when you're any way reason
able, but it goes clear ag'in my grain
to see poor folks a sufferin' and never
stretch out a helpin' hand. Taint
scriptur nor taint human natur'."

"Well, go your own gait, Job Raynes
ford," responded his wife, tartly.
"Only mark my words, if you don't
end your days in the poor-house, 'twont
be through no fault o' yourn!"

She shut the pantry door with a
bang that made all the jolly-cups and
milk-pans rattle, while Job, with an
old grimace, went out to help his
guests to alight.

"Don't mind my old woman," said
he, apologetically, as Mrs. Ellsworth
sprang to the ground; "she's kind o'

sharp spoken, but she means well after
all. We ain't all jest alike in our no
tions, you know."

"If all the world were like you, sir,"
said the young widow, with tears in
her eyes, "there would be less want and
suffering, by far."

Farmer Raynesford pretended not
to hear; he was busy lifting the little
Mary out.

"Set on them blackberries, Hannah,"
said he, toward the close of their even
ing meal; "the little gal's so tired she
can't eat nothin' solid."

"I was calculating to keep them
blackberries for the donation party to
morrow," said Mrs. Raynesford, rising
with rather an unwilling air.

"Nonsense!" quoth the farmer, with
a broad laugh; "I'm havin' a donation
party of my own to-night. Here, lit
tle one, see if these berries don't put
some color into your cheeks."

All the evening little Mary sat by
the hearth, with her hands in her moth
er's and her large blue eyes fixed
earnestly upon the kind farmer's face.

"What are you thinking about, dear
est?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth once. She
drew a long sigh, and whispered:

"Oh, mamma, he is so kind to us!"

When Mary Ellsworth and her little
girl set out the next morning upon their
long walk to Breckton, Job Raynes
ford went with them to the gate, fumb
ling uneasily in his pocket, and glanc
ing guiltily around to make sure that
Hannah was not within seeing distance.

When Mary extended her hand to say
good-by, to her astonishment a bank
bill was thrust into it.

"Don't say nothin'," muttered Job,
with a sheepish air. "Ten dollars ain't
much to me, and if you don't chance
to get work in the factory right away,
it may be a good deal o' use to you.
Needn't thank me—you're as welcome
as flowers in May!"

He bent over to kiss the child's fair
forehead, and stood watching them un
til the two slight figures disappeared,
and only the golden sky and the mov
ing crests of summer woods remained.

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated Mrs. Ray
nesford, who had witnessed this little
episode from behind the curtains of
her milk room window. "Is Job Ray
nesford crazy? To give ten dollars to
a poor, strolling vagrant! If he don't
get a piece of my mind—"

And she hastened out, her cap bor
der fairly standing on end with horror.
Job awaited the coming tempest with
philosophic coolness, his hands in his
pockets, and his lips parted in a good
natured smile. It was not the first
piece of Mrs. Hannah's "mind" that
had been bestowed upon him, nor did
he suppose it was likely to be the last.

"She means well," he said to him
self when the volley of wrath had been
discharged on his luckless head, and
Mrs. Raynesford had returned to her
butter-making, "but she's got the
greatest faculties for scolding of any
woman I ever saw!"

The years flitted by, sprinkling the
steep old farm-house with crystal drops
of April showers, and thatching it with
the dazzling ermine of January snows,
many and many a time. Gray hairs
crept in among the raven locks of Farm
er Raynesford, and care-worn wrin
kles began to gather around his mouth
and brow. Alas! those swift-footed
years brought troubles innumerable to
the kind old man.

"Twenty years!" mused he, one
bright June morning; "it don't seem
possible, Hannah, that it was twenty
years ago this very day, that I caught
that ugly fall from the hay-rack, and
got lame for life."

He looked down at the crutches by
his side as he spoke, and sighed from
the very depths of his heart.
Hannah stood in the door-way, toss
ing corn to a forlorn little colony of
chickens. Twenty years had not im
proved her in any respect—she was
gaunter, bonier and more vinegar
faced than ever.

"Yes," said she slowly, "and perhaps
you don't remember that 'it was just
twenty years ago to-day that you threw
ten dollars away on that woman and
her child. I told you that you'd end
your days in the poor-house, and I
don't see but what my prediction is
likely to come true. Didn't I say you
would live to repent it?"

"I won't deny, Hannah," said the
old man, "but that I've done a good
many things I've been sorry for—w
ain't none of us perfect, you know,
wife—but that is not one of them. No,
I never for a minute repented being
kind to the widow and the fatherless."

Hannah shrugged her shoulders, but
made no answer.

"Didn't you say you were going up
to see that rich lawyer about the five
thousand dollar note to-day?" she ask
ed, presently.

"Yes, but I don't suppose it'll be
much use. If he'd wait a little, I'd do
my best to please him. Jones says
he'll be sure to sell the old place from
over our heads, however; they tell me
he's a hard man. I mean to explain to
him just how the matter stands and—"

"I told you how it would be long
ago?" ejaculated Hannah, unable to
restrain her vexation. "What on earth
ever possessed you to sign for Jesse
Fairweather?"

"I s'posed he was a honest man, and
I wouldn't see an old friend wronged."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. Ray
nesford. "That's just your calcula
tion, Job! There—Zeke has brought
the wagon; do start off, or you'll be
too late for the York train!"

And Job meekly obeyed, only too
happy to escape from the endless dis
cord of his wife's railing tongue.

The rays of the noonday sun stream
ed brightly through the stained glass
casements of Mr. Everleigh's superb
Gothic library. The room was deco
rated with every appurtenance of wealth
and taste. Velvet chairs, with tall
backs of daintily-carved rosewood, were
scattered here and there; marble
vases occupied niches beside the door
way, and the rarest pictures hung on
the paneled and gilded wall. But the
prettiest object of all—the one which
the rich lawyer oftentimes raised his eyes
from the writing to contemplate with
an involuntary smile of pride and af
fection—was a lovely woman, in a white
cashmere morning robe, trimmed with
white velvet, who stood opposite, ar
ranging flowers in a bouquet. She
wore a spray of berries, carved of pink
Neapolitan coral, at her throat, and
tiny pendants of the same rare stone
in her small shell-like ears, and the
slender waist was tied round with a
bright pink ribbon.

"There, Walter, isn't that pretty?"
she asked, holding up her completed
bouquet.

"Very pretty," he answered, looking
not at the roses or geraniums, but di
rectly at the blue eyes and golden
curls of his beautiful young wife.

"You are not even noticing it," she
pouted.

"Because I see something so much
better worth looking at," he said play
fully.

"Do you really love me so very
much?" she asked, throwing down
the flowers, and coming round to his
side.

He rose and drew her caressingly
toward him.

"My dearest, you are more precious
to me than the whole world besides!"

She let her head rest for a moment
on his shoulder, and when she raised
it there was a tear on her eyelashes.

"Oh! Walter, if mamma could only
see how happy we are—"

There was a knock at the door.
Mrs. Everleigh slipped from her hus
band's arm with the prettiest blush
in the world, and was very busy with
her flowers when the rich lawyer's
"right-hand man" put his grizzled head
into the room.

"The old man wants to see you
about that Fairweather business."

"Show him in. Don't look so dis
appointed, love," he said, as the grizz
ly head disappeared; "I shall not be de
tained three minutes, and the horses
are at the door."

Mary Everleigh never troubled her
pretty little head about business mat
ters, so she never even looked up as
the halting sound of old Mr. Raynes
ford's crutch echoed on the carpet.
But the instant he spoke she started
as if an arrow had smitten her, and
her slender hands clasped together,
listening as intently as though her life
depended on hearing every word. The
old man was pleading and sorrowful—
her husband politely inflexible. At
length Job Raynesford turned to go.

"Well, sir," he said, in a subdued
tone, "I don't know much about law
and law books, but it does seem hard
that an old man should be turned out
of the home that has sheltered him
for sixty years, and all for no fault of
his own. They say you are a very rich
gentleman, sir—five thousand dollars
may seem a small sum to you, but it
is my all!"

Mrs. Everleigh's soft voice broke
the momentary silence that succeeded this
appeal.

"Walter, come here one minute—I
want to speak to you."

He obeyed, somewhat surprised;
she drew him into a deep recess of a
stained glass window, and standing
there with the rose and amber shad
ows playing about her lovely brow,
like some fair-pictured saint, she told
him how twenty years ago, a wearied
child and its mother were fed and
sheltered by a kind-hearted stranger;
how he had given them money and
kind wishes, when they were utterly
alone and desolate in the wide world.

"But, my love, what has all this to
do with my business matters?"

"Much, Walter! I am that little
child!"

"You, my dearest?"

"I, my husband, and the noble man
who, I am persuaded, saved my life
that night, stands yonder, with gray,
bowed head and sinking heart!"

"Mary, you must surely be mistak
en."

"I can not be mistaken, Walter; I
should know him among a thousand.
You said you loved me, this morning
—now grant me one little boon."

"What is it, dearest?"

"Give me that note he spoke of."

Mr. Everleigh silently went to a
small ebony cabinet, unlocked it, and
drew out a folded paper, which he
placed in her hands. She glided up
to the old man, who had been gazing

out of a window in a sort of reverie,
and laid her soft hand on his arm.

"Do you remember the little golden
-haired Mary whom you found with
her mother, wearied out on the road
side, twenty years ago?"

"Do I remember her, lady? It was
but this very morning I was recalling
the whole scene."

"And don't you recognize me?" she
said, smiling up in his face, as she
drew back the drooping curls. "I am
little Mary!"

He stood in bewildered silence. All
of a sudden the truth seemed to break
upon him, and he laid his hand upon
her head with a fearful blessing.

"And your mother, my child?"

"She has been dead for years; but
it is my dearest task to be the instru
ment of her gratitude. Here is the
note you endorsed; my husband has
given it to me. See!"

A small lamp was burning in one of
the niches; she held the bit of paper
over its flame until it fell a cloud of
light ashes upon the floor.

"Well,"

Mrs. Raynesford met her husband
at the door at the instant his crutches
sounded on the little graveled path.

"Why don't you speak? Of course I
know you've nothing but bad news to
tell, but I may as well hear it at once.
Have you seen the gentleman? What
did he say?"

"Hannah!" said old Job Raynes
ford, slowly folding up his gloves, "do
you remember the ten dollars I gave
that poor young wanderer a score
of years ago to-day?"

"Why, of course I do; didn't I re
mind you of it not twelve hours since?
What has that to do with our trou
bles, pray?"

"Just this—to-day I received pay
ment, principal and interest!"

"What do you mean, Job Raynes
ford?"

"The little golden-haired child that
sat beside our hearthstone that June
evening is Lawyer Everleigh's wife,
and I have seen her burn the note
that hung like a millstone round my
neck for many years. She said it was
but paying a sacred debt of gratitude;
but Heaven knows I looked for no
such reward."

There was a moment's silence. The
old man was pondering over the past,
and Mrs. Raynesford was so taken by
surprise, that she really could not
speak.

"And now, wife, what have you to
say about my financial mistakes?" said
Job, archly.

Mrs. Raynesford had no argument
suited to the emergencies of the case,
so she wisely said—nothing.

Appointments of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet
and Rev. A. W. Mann.

Mich. City, Ind., Trinity Church, May 9
Chicago, Ill., St. James' " " 11
Peoria, " St. Paul's " " 12
Rock Island, " Trinity " " 13
Davenport, Ia., Cathedral " " 14
Des Moines, " St. Paul's " " 15
Council Bluffs, Ia., St. P's " " 16
Omaha, Neb., Cathedral " " 18
St. Joseph, Mo., Christ " " 19
Atchison, Kan., Trinity " " 20
Topeka, " Grace " " 21
Kansas City, Mo., Grace " " 22
St. Louis, " St. George's " " 25
Terre Haute, Ind., St. Stephen's " " 26
Indianapolis, " Christ Church " " 27
Cleveland, O., Trinity " " 28
Akron, " St. Paul's " " 29
Meadville, Pa., Christ " " 30

All those directly interested in the
Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes are
kindly requested to make the above
notices as general as it is in their pow
er to, and to bring their hearing and
speaking friends with them to the
services.

A. W. MANN.

GETS HER PAPER ON TIME

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The JOURNAL comes
so regularly that I always know when
to expect it. Long may it endure in
my wish. I know "Ernestine" very
well. She is very good to me in every
thing. Is "Conneticut Lady" really
Miss Lockwood? I heard, through
one of my particular friends, that she
corresponds with "Rambler," whose
real name I dare not mention. I will
write again at some future time.

C.—S.

Wrentham, Mass., May 10, 1879.

A MISTAKE.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Some time
ago I mentioned that it was rumored
that John Henry Lloyd of Hartford,
Conn., died in Asheville, N. C. I have
learned from reliable sources that the
rumor was unfounded, and I am now
very glad to be able to say that Mr.
Lloyd was alive and quite well a week
or ten days ago. He was either in
Northern New York or Canada.

JOHN TURNER.

Memphis, Tenn., May 10.

Preparations for a revolt, with in
tent to escape, were lately discovered
among the Halifax Penitentiary pris
oners. Knives and hammers were
found on several prisoners.

JEFFERSON'S TEN MAXIMS.

I.
Never put off until to-morrow what
you can do to-day.

II.
Never trouble another for what you
can do yourself.

III.
Never spend your money before you
have it.

IV.
Never buy what you do not need be
cause it is cheap.

V.
Pride costs more than hunger, thirst
or cold.

VI.
We seldom repent having eaten too
little.

VII.
Nothing is troublesome that we do
willingly.

VIII.
The anticipation of evils that never
happen causes much pain.

IX.
Take things always by the smooth
handle.

X.
When angry, count ten before you
speak; when very angry, count a hun
dred.

Excellent! are they not? If we add
the homely proverb: "A place for ev
ery thing, and every thing in its place,"
finish with the Ten Commandments
and the Golden Rule, then gird about
the whole with charity, we may wisely
take these rules to guide our daily
lives.

By charity I do not mean giving to
the poor, but I mean charity in its
larger sense, as defined by St. Paul in
the thirteenth chapter of first Cor
inthians. Well may we ponder these
Christ-like teachings, but when we
probe our souls to find if this charity,
which is greater than faith or hope, is
a daily influence in our lives, I fear we
must bow our heads in shame, confess
ing our sins against its holy precepts.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind,"
Do we bear patiently with what is dis
agreeable to us, not simply enduring
personal discomfort,

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

COLUMBUS RE-UNION.

The Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association is to hold its fourth session in the city of Columbus, O., in the month of August next, commencing at 10 A. M. on the 23d, and closing Monday night, the 25th, and will be held in the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The trustees have placed the institution at the disposal of the association, the members of which will be entertained free of charge during its sessions. Those who are not members of the association, and those of the former pupils of the Ohio Institution who do not intend to join the association upon arrival, as well as all other persons, will provide for their own board and lodging elsewhere. There will be an Exposition at the convention, to which fact the notice of graduates of the Ohio Institution is called. The Exposition will be an interesting feature of the convention. Articles on exhibition may be claimed by their owners at the close of the convention; but if not so claimed they will be donated to the institution and placed in the museum. In due time the committee will announce which lines of railroads, if any, will carry at reduced rates those attending the convention. Letters relating to the re-union should be addressed to A. B. Greener, Deaf-Mute Institution, Columbus, O.

Ample preparations are being made by the committee in charge of arrangements for making the fourth re-union of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association the most interesting that has ever been held by that association as it will be the occasion of the semi-centennial of the Ohio Institution, and the probability is that the fourteenth session will be more largely attended, by both the Ohio Institution graduates and those of other institutions, than any previous convention of that association. An interesting, pleasant, and profitable time awaits all who may be so fortunate as to enjoy the privilege of being present at the re-union. It has never yet been our highly-favored privilege to attend a re-union of this association, as various circumstances have operated and combined to thus far prevent our enjoying that rare pleasure, but, should nothing occur this season to prevent us from so doing, we design to avail ourselves of an opportunity, at the coming re-union, to meet many of our Ohio deaf-mute friends and also some others. We have long had a desire to visit the State of Ohio and many friends there, and, nothing preventing, this re-union will furnish us a reasonable excuse for that purpose.

LIGHT WANTED ON THE SUBJECT.

We are frequently asked by deaf-mutes whether Buffalo or New York is to be the place of holding the convention of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association next August. To all such inquiries we can only reply that we know nothing whatever about it. We are not officially connected with the association, being simply a common member. At the Elmira convention we declined the re-election to the presidency of the association, having served in that capacity for eight years, and having previously been secretary for four years, which we think sufficient to exempt us from any further official duty in that line. Whether the managers have decided in what place to have the convention held or have not we have not been officially informed. We wait to hear the decision announced by Mr. Alphonzo Johnson, president of the society, or by Mr. F. L. Selinsky, its secretary. We would be pleased, at as early a date as convenient, to hear the decision from either of the above-named persons, when we will immediately publish it, with pleasure, in the columns of our paper. Until then we,

like other inquirers, are in the dark in regard to the matter.

It is quite likely that one of the two places named has been decided upon as the place for the coming convention. As far as we are concerned, we simply suggest that some place more centrally located, for the deaf-mutes of the whole State, might, perhaps, be selected with profit and pleasure. For instance, the city of Utica is more of a central point by a large majority of miles than New York or Buffalo, and, in addition to this fact, one day of the convention's session, or one day succeeding the session, could, very pleasantly, and with little additional expense, be employed by those at the convention in an excursion to the celebrated Trenton Falls, a few miles north of Utica, on the Black River Railroad. We patiently await an announcement from the officers of the association.

THE DEAF-MUTE OF ST. JOHNSBURY.

Last Saturday evening a somewhat sadly appearing deaf-mute, evidently weak-minded, and of Irish descent, came to town and stopped at the Mexico Hotel. One of the hotel employees showed the deaf-mute to our residence, and he introduced himself as Mr. Henry Hannon, recently from Marshall, Tex., and represented that he was a much traveled man, and that he had seen more or less of the far West, even as far west as Oregon. He appeared to be about 40 years of age, and said that his parents lived at St. Johnsbury, Vt. The man's apparent business is that of a tramp. On Sunday he made us another call, and related much that he has seen of the world, and we presume much more that he has not seen. The fellow claims that he attended the American Asylum for five years; but if so he has but little to show for the time spent and money expended. When questioned as to why he did not stay at home instead of tramping, he allowed as a reason that his parents abused him so shamefully that it was too uncomfortable for him there. Of course he was out or nearly out of money, as is usually the case with such persons, and plainly suggested that he would like a little assistance in replenishing his "short stock" of needful. We gave him a hearty dinner and a small amount of money and he departed, saying that he was going to Oswego on foot, fifteen miles, and there try to get a pass for St. Johnsbury (to endure more of the abuse of his relatives, we suppose). This tramp may be a liar and a fraud, but if his representations are one-half of them true his relatives should be heartily ashamed of their conduct.

PREACHES AN ELOQUENT SERMON.

[Memphis Evening Herald, May 12, 1879.] The services at Calvary Church on yesterday were of an order rarely ever witnessed by a Memphis congregation. At eleven o'clock the seats were well filled with the brains and fashion of the city, and a few moments after the services were begun with the opening hymn, which was this time sung by a class of youths and misses, members of the Sunday-school, who acquitted themselves extremely well. The song, as it was progressing, was interpreted by signs gracefully rendered by the Rev. Mr. Turner, a deaf mute. Prayers followed, all being interpreted in the same manner, and at last came the sermon, the text of which was taken from the 14 chap. Isaiah, 22 verse. The Rev. Dr. White read one paragraph at a time, after which it was rendered by Mr. Turner in pantomime. His gestures are the very personification of grace, and so apt and true as to strike the mind as vividly as the most eloquent discourse by word of mouth. Hope, despair, joy, anguish, love, hate, self-conceit, humility and even the very act of "shedding tears for ever" were vividly portrayed. So entrancing were his gestures during the song that one almost fancied he could hear the sweet melody rippling from the tips of his fingers. It is certainly one of the rarest sights it has ever been our good fortune to witness, and our comment in conclusion can only be wonderful.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

MAY 25th, 1879. MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 25th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Joel II. 2d Lesson—John XVII. Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sunday after Ascension.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 25th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Zephaniah III. 2d Lesson—2 Thessalonians III. Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sunday after Ascension.

We have and are still selling large quantities of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and are firm in the belief that the medicine is all the Doctor claims for it. D. H. Fonda, Albany, N. Y.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Itemizer.

The Star says the Kansas crops will be immense this year. It is reported that a female base-ball club is operating at the Illinois Institution.

The Star reports the sickness of Miss Brown, one of the Kansas Institution teachers.

There cook at the Colorado Institution has been obliged to leave on account of sickness.

R. B. and T. Lawrence are real estate brokers at Morgan City, La. Both are deaf-mutes.

C. M. Parker, of the editorial staff of the Detroit Post and Tribune, lately made a call at the Michigan Institution.

We are indebted to the compliments of R. B. Lawrence for a copy of the Free Press, published at Morgan City, La.

The secretary of the board of trustees has advertised for bids for the erection of the extension to the Kansas Institution.

THREE new pupils were received a few days ago at the Missouri Institution, making a total since the beginning of the school year of 200.

EXCEPTING a few mild cases of mumps, the officers, teachers, employees, and pupils of the Missouri Institution are said to be enjoying good health.

Miss Marian L. Taft, of Worcester, Mass., an intelligent deaf-mute lady, and a graduate of the American Asylum, died in Worcester, May, 4th, and was buried on the 7th.

Mrs. Guttersom, of La Crosse, Wis., has recently joined the Norwegian Lutheran Church. She was educated at the Wisconsin Institution, and is now an excellent housekeeper.

JOHN Brooks, who works on the Toronto (Can.) National, informs us that he is busy in improving the appearance of that paper, which will come out in its new dress on or about May 22d.

ONLY six boys and one girl now work on the Star, yet the editor complains that they get up twice as much matter as he has space to put it in, but asserts that they need room according to their strength.

MISS B. E. Porter, of Wrentham, Mass., who spent five months at the far West last summer, thinks of going back there to live within a few years. She was highly pleased with the climate, and she life they led there.

RELIABLE authority, the Star, asserts that the Kansas Institution pupils are counting the days, hours, and minutes until the close of the school for the summer vacation. It is to be hoped that they don't spend all their time in doing that kind of mathematical labor.

PATRICK St. John, of Hickory Corners, Barry county, Mich., would like to know the whereabouts of his son, a deaf-mute, and formerly a pupil of the Michigan Institution, whom he has not heard from since last November. He was a book agent when he left home.

SINCE the establishment of the first institution for educating the deaf and dumb in America, a little more than sixty years, more than sixty thousand such children have received instruction in the United States and Canada at a cost of \$1,250 each per year during their instruction.

OUR regular Washington correspondent met with an accident three or four weeks ago by a fall on the stairs, and came near having the collar bone of his right arm broken. It disabled him from writing for the JOURNAL, this long, but he is now nearly well and has resumed his pen again, and will be seen by his letter elsewhere in this job's paper.

MR. Job Turner writes from Hopkinsville, Ky., under date of May 3d: "Yesterday morning I met a little deaf and dumb colored boy. I noticed that he had one of his feet cut off and asked him what caused it. He replied by signs that he fell from a wagon or a tree and broke his foot. He looked bright. I told him that I would send him to school, which pleased him."

LEVI Jack, who twice fired the Poor Farm buildings in Dixmont, Me., in which last time an aged woman was burned to death, is still living at the Insane Hospital, Augusta, Me. The Governor having commuted his sentence of death to confinement for life at the hospital. There are quite a large number of deaf-mutes in the Jack family, including C. Aug. Brown, whose name was changed from that of Jack.

STATE Senator T. J. O. Morrison, who is president pro tem of the Senate, was lately in Fulton, Mo., for a couple of days, and while there was the guest of Superintendent Kerr, of the Missouri Institution. Mr. Morrison is serving his fourth term as State Senator, and during his legislative life has always manifested great interest in and proved himself very beneficial to the deaf-mute institution.

NINE pupils of the Mississippi Institution for Deaf-Mutes recently joined the Baptist church, in a body, that is by being baptized by immersion. Their names are: Miss Lucy King, Miss Nannie Pierce, Miss Minerva Harris, Miss Ruth and Martha Sanders, Mr. Sheldy Bradford, Mr. Jackson Farmer, Mr. James Chaney, and Mr. B. Jabbitt. It is rumored that several of the other pupils will soon join the Methodist church.

Mrs. Benedict Schumacher, mother of Fannie Virahin, one of the pupils of the Missouri Institution, was burned to death a few days ago. The barn caught fire and, her husband being away from home, Mrs. Schumacher's clothing took fire while she was endeavoring to extinguish the flames, and she was so badly burned that she died two days afterwards. Fannie was unmarried, and reached there an hour before her mother's death.

R. B. Lawrence, of Morgan City, La., writes that that place is so healthy that it is considered a poor place for doctors; says that last year the place had more than 600 cases of yellow fever, and 106 deaths, but the citizens hope to escape the plague this year; and expresses the opinion that a large part of the cases of last year were due to intemperance habits. Nearly everybody in town, excepting himself and family, were attacked by the fever. Mr. Lawrence says a bug which he calls "spinch" is as destructive to the farmer's crops there as is the Colorado potato bug, and he predicts a loss of the vegetable crop.

THERE have been no new cases of scarlet fever in this institution since the last issue of the Record. The attendant and three pupils who took the disease four weeks ago are apparently well. Although about sixty pupils have gone home we still have a good attendance, there being 141 present at this date. The board of commissioners, at the regular monthly meeting, next Tuesday, will probably determine the question whether the school shall close earlier than usual, or continue until the last Wednesday in June as in former years. No more danger is apprehended from scarlet fever, as no new cases have developed in Fulton or in its immediate vicinity for a month. The parents and friends of pupils, as well as all who are connected with the Institution, have great reason to feel thankful to a kind and overruling Providence for exemption from an epidemic which is in almost every instance attended with fatal results.—Deaf-Mute Record, (Fulton, Mo.) May 10th.

FRANK S. Hutson, of Janesville, Wis., lately went to Minneapolis, Minn., to work in a cooper shop.

A new walk has been laid between the center building and the boys' wing of the Michigan Institution.

It is reported that Mr. J. T. Tillinghast soon intends to begin a series of free services for the societies of the Day State Mission which now have only one service a month.

A. R. Spear, recently of Minneapolis, Minn., is at work as a tailor in Haas' clothing store, one of the leading clothing houses in St. Paul, in which store M. O. Robert is also employed.

It is expected that there will be a large meeting of the Minnesota Deaf-Mute Association in Minneapolis on the 15th of June next. Quite a number of deaf-mutes from St. Paul will attend.

SUPP. Noyes, of the Minnesota Deaf-Mute Institution, gave an entertaining lecture to the Minnesota Deaf-Mute Association in Minneapolis on the 10th inst. They were very much pleased with his discourse.

THE Matrons at the American Asylum, at the Institution for the Blind at South Boston, and at the Young Women's Christian Association in Boston are all Maine ladies, and are much beloved and honored by the inmates of the respective institutions over which they preside with grace and ability.

THE young ladies of the two "first classes" of the Michigan Institution have organized a circle which is called "The fancy Work Club," and on Saturdays and at other spare moments they are engaged at canyass and perforated card-board needle work.

A New England correspondent writes us that the deaf-mute par project there has flattened out as flat as a "day-lake" for want of patronage, as none would encourage the enterprise, and "Rex's" letter was endorsed by the most intelligent and sensible deaf-mutes.

ON the first Sabbath of this month Mr. Crane, who succeeded Mr. Bird as teacher at the Asylum, joined the Asylum Hill Congregational Church. Mr. Clark, of the Asylum, who is one of the deacons of the church, interpreted the service into the sign-language.—Daily News.

Is another column Mrs. John S. Miller, of Wyoming, N. Y., asks for any information of interest concerning Colonel Smith. We hope some of our readers are able to furnish the same, and we would be pleased to publish anything of interest in the life of the Colonel if it should be sent to us.

THE pupils of the Asylum enjoyed a rare treat this forenoon, in a very interesting and instructive lecture upon the Zulus and other savage tribes of Southern Africa, given by Mr. G. A. Wilder, a student in the Hartford Theological Seminary. Mr. Wilder was himself born in South Africa, being a son of an American missionary there.—Daily News, May 13th.

SIX blind pupils were suspended last week by the Board of Trustees and left for their homes on Monday. The reason therefor was a rebellion against the authority of the Institution under the direction of their Priest, the Rev. Father Haire of this city. The pupils' names were John and Mary McWay, Sarah Scanline, Mary Campbell, Agnes Riddiman, and Henry Cox.—Deaf-Mute Mirror.

SEVERAL thrifty Maine mutes have suffered losses within the past year by the suspension of the savings banks in which were deposited their earnings. However, they are encouraged to hope that, with the return of better times, their deposits will be reimbursed in full. One of the deaf-mute depositors was a young man who could scarcely read or write; yet he had supported himself independently and laid up nearly \$500 for a rainy day.

SUNDAY, May 11th, services were held in a room at Boylston Hall, and were of an interesting character. Mr. John O. David, of Amherst, preached from the words, "Wisdom which crieth out in the gates." At the close of his discourse there was a Bible class under the charge of Mrs. Sarah E. Lynde, and afterwards a prayer-meeting, at which a good number were present. Mr. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, a self-educated semi-mute, made some remarks.

MISS Fidelia M. Morgan, a graduate of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, in 1846, who used to live in Watertown, until the death, two or three years ago, of her beloved mother, when she went to reside with her brother, Dr. A. B. Morgan, at Astoria, N. Y., is now in Watertown with her friends, and intends to spend the summer there. Miss Morgan has won a fair reputation as a skillful and faithful hair-worker. We have, on several occasions, happened to see specimens of her handiwork, and can testify to their beauty, excellence and superiority.

WHAT seems to be an utterly indefensible act of sectarian tyranny has been perpetrated by the managers of the State school for the blind at Flint, Mich. The Catholic pupils in the institution were suspended and sent home, a few days ago, because of their refusal to take part in singing a "mass" at an exhibition performance. The pupils merely obeyed the orders of their priest, who possibly made a fool of himself in meddling with so simple a matter; but that would by no means excuse the outrage of the management. Any official act interfering with any person's liberty of conscience—where that liberty does not transgress the law nor infringe upon the rights of others—is a violation of the constitution and of common sense. No government officer should be permitted to sit in judgment upon the religious feelings or prejudices of any portion of the people.—Chicago Times.

THE Ohio State printer says: "The printing office, as an educational branch, is very important to mutes. It teaches them to construct sentences grammatically, spelling, and the division of words. As a rule, mutes are especially deficient in the two latter. Teachers about the institution inform me that the pupils who are attentive at the printing-office are usually the most efficient scholars in the other branches of study. At the opening of each term of school the boys are given the privilege of selecting one of the various trades taught at the institution, and semi-occasionally they are permitted to exchange departments during the term. In this way they learn portions of all trades, but are proficient in none. It should be urged on them the importance of selecting and adhering to one branch of industry, and perfecting themselves in the one selected."

OUR correspondent "W" says: "I notice that your New York Institution correspondent, 'P,' expresses doubt about the truth of my last article, which advocated a change in the manner in which the exhibitions of that institution are held, and he would like to have me mention a few of the pupils who received a part of their education elsewhere. Certainly, I will. G. L. Reynolds and Thomas Fox are two, at least, who, unless prevented by unforeseen causes, have taken part, with few exceptions, since they have been connected with that institution. The others, whether semi or congenital mutes, are, I repeat, continually brought forward to the exclusion of others. I am much obliged to 'Joel Sloenn,' but shall have to decline his invitation to discuss this question, at least at the present time, as I have another matter on hand, but after it is ended I will probably give him an opportunity to debate something of more general interest."

DIED, in Fairfield Mo., nine miles west of St. Louis, at four o'clock, Friday morning, May 2, Louis Hartshorn, aged forty-one years. Louis Hartshorn was born in Norfolk, Va., in the year 1838. When he was old enough to go to school, he was taken to the Hartford Asylum where he attended three years. He moved to St. Louis in 1857 and began life as a painter. By sticking to his trade, he became a skillful painter and was never out of work. In 1874 he was married to Miss Ella Buntin, of St. Louis, and the next year became a widower. Last Christmas he was married to a widow by the name of Mrs. E. Bennett, of St. Louis, whose husband was run over and killed by the cars a few years ago. Three weeks ago he moved to Fairfield, Mo., with his family, to work on a small farm. But he was taken sick and one of his friends sent a telegram to his brother, Mr. Samuel W. Hartshorn, of New York. He arrived the day before his brother died. A large funeral took place on the 3d inst., and a company of deaf-mutes went from St. Louis to pay their respects to their dear friend. The deceased had not seen his brother for twenty-two years, and has a deaf-mute cousin in Boston.—Advance.

THE sixteenth bi-ennial report of the Tennessee Deaf and Dumb School is before us and contains much of interest. This institution is located at Knoxville. The building, shown on the fly-leaf of the pamphlet, represents quite an imposing edifice, evidently with very pleasant surroundings. Principal J. H. Jams is assisted by four instructors. The board of trustees think the school has for the past two years been kept fully up to its former standard, and that during no previous two years have its operations been more effective or satisfactory. The institution is an honor and blessing to the State. Of the large number of pupils trained at this school, says the principal "all are, with a single exception, respected in their several localities for their sobriety, industry, intelligence and moral worth," and he significantly adds that "without this training, those who have received it would have been of but little value to society." During the past twelve years, out of an average attendance of one hundred pupils, there have occurred but four deaths among the pupils during the various sessions. The last death that occurred in the institution was that of Martha Thompson, of diphteria, February 22d, 1878. During the two years embraced by the present report the health of the pupils was good. The number of pupils present December 30th, 1878, was 104—males, 61; females, 43. The average attendance the previous session was 100. The treasurer's report shows that the receipts for the two years were \$49,355.80, and that the disbursements were \$47,860.30, leaving a balance on hand of \$1,495.50.

A CONFAB WITH BOND.

DEAR MR. RIDER:—The editorial headed "Bond Airing His Opinion," which appeared in your paper a few weeks ago, seemed to have made the Peck-sniff who runs the Brooklyn hunbug smart, for in the last number of his paper he comes out with a lengthy but jumbled reply, filled with abusive epithets, which, being summed up, simply exposes his ignorance, and plainly shows that he did not understand the subject that he tried to handle; this, together with his want of knowledge on all subjects which he attempts to discuss, is amazing. For instance, in doing up "Our Teachers," which, by the way, appears under the initials of that small potato his business (!) manager, who everybody knows is incapable (because they were) of writing such articles, he plainly shows that jealousy is at the root of his spite, for it is a well-known fact that deaf-mute teachers are an important factor in the education of the deaf and dumb. Laurent Clerc was one. If he had refused to leave his native land and accompany Dr. T. H. Gallaudet to this country there would probably be fewer institutions for our class of people, and education among us would not be so generally diffused as it is at the present day. The institution at Rome, from which there is a no better conducted one of its kind in our State, has for instructors mute gentlemen. The principal of the Western Pennsylvania Institution is a mute and a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College. Many other instances could be cited to prove what I have said, but the few mentioned by me are sufficient. Now you, egot of the Leader, can you see it? And farther, who are you jealous of those who, by reason of their superior education, are enabled to secure lucrative and permanent positions? Is it because you can't do likewise? I think that is the spot where the boot pinches most.

It is not such a long time ago that a rumor was floating around this vicinity that a mute who resides in this city had gone to Washington to secure, if possible, a position under the present administration. He based his claims for an appointment upon his political influence among his class, he having, during the late presidential campaign formed a Hayes and Wheeler deaf-mute club, containing seven members. Upon arriving in Washington, no one in authority seemed to have heard of him, and, although he was willing to accept "only a little place at \$25 a week," he was indignantly snubbed and came back a sadder, but, I am sorry to say, not a wiser man, for it was only a short time ago that he, having failed in most things which he had undertaken, as a last resort, started a paper, and now boasts of being an editor. In his swelling dignity, he strikes at big game, and at last makes a dash at the managers of the Home, which, for the sake of the truth, the editor of the JOURNAL takes up, and shows the falsity and baseness of the Hunbug's attacks, for which he is personally attacked, but for lack of brains his assailant fails miserably, as every body acquainted with the former knows that he is capable of writing all editorials which appear in the JOURNAL, but seeing how small his income from his paper is we do not think he would be justified in so doing.

JAMES Gordon Bennett is nominally editor of the New York Herald; yet does his egotism of the Hunbug's attacks, for which he is personally attacked, but for lack of brains his assailant fails miserably, as every body acquainted with the former knows that he is capable of writing all editorials which appear in the JOURNAL, but seeing how small his income from his paper is we do not think he would be justified in so doing.

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I might mention other cases in which editors do little more than the above mentioned one, but think this sufficient for even Bond's limited understanding. His pretence of great sympathy for the half-educated mute is all a hollow sham, and nothing but deceit, as is proven by his own words, and in his own paper, in which he recently said that he was "opposed to the establishment of printing at the New York Institution," (which opposition don't appear to have had much weight,) probably because he knew that he stood but little chance when competing with bright and ambitious workmen, and feared that those students who acquired and practiced the "art preservative" would become dangerous rivals, not only of himself, but other blacksmiths with whom he associates.

The person who his egotism honors by saying that he is the author of that excellent piece of satire which lately appeared in the Advance, which, by the way, is styled in the Hunbug a poem, seems, according to his assertion, to be one of the advanced students of the New York Institution, which, if true, shows that "Old Fanwood" is not what he would like people to believe, but, on the contrary, that it has pupils who are his egotism's superiors in everything that goes to make the noblest work of God—and intelligent and honest men.

It is my opinion that the managers of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association have the undoubted right to change the place of holding the next convention if they see fit, and I believe that they will be wise if they do so, for there is a class of mutes in this vicinity who wish to rule or ruin it, and they are powerful enough in point of number, though weak in brains, to cause considerable trouble. It is true that there are a great many intelligent and self-respected mutes in this portion of the State, but for the sake of peace, I think they will take the same view of it that I do—that the convention should be held elsewhere than in New York city, at least for the present year. In 1883 the proposed great World's Fair will probably take place in the Metropolis of America. Why not hold a convention there and then, and thus afford the mutes an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone, at a very small additional cost? OCEOLA, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 16, 1879.

HOW TO RAISE 500 TONS OF SAUER KRAUT TO THE ACRE AND OBTAIN THE FIRST PRIZE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On returning from an absence from home for the past two weeks yesterday morning, and taking up my last JOURNAL, I was greatly surprised to notice in its columns an unexpected and unprovoked assault on me from your correspondent "Rex." Now, personally, I care nothing about it or about the opinion of a person who retails slander under an assumed name, fearing to let his own name be attached to his article. As to the paper to be established here I would say that, but for my sudden departure from home, the fact of its postponement for the present would have been announced to your readers in the same issue as was that article of the slanderous "Rex." As to the necessity of a New England paper for mutes, I don't care to discuss the subject with "Rex," as he is unknown to me, and, like all slanderers and backbiters, undoubtedly he prefers to remain so. As to my being anxious for notoriety, those mutes who know me, and they number the most influential mutes of my native State (Massachusetts,) will tell "Rex," if he cares to make the inquiry, whether or not I am a man who seeks for notoriety or to put myself forward for notice from others. But I will tell him this much, that I was to act as mute editor if the proposed paper was started, and to make inquiries as to the feasibility of starting it. I did so, and out of over fifty letters and postals, received on the subject, only one was against the project, and among the writers were men who, although personally unknown to me, have held the highest offices in the gift of the New England mutes.

"Rex" advises me to bestow some of my time and powers in raising a crop of cabbage, assuring me that in the old Pine Tree State it will repay me better than starting a paper. As I have had some experience in both lines, I make "Rex" the following offer: If he will forward me seed of the same variety as that of the cabbage-head growing on his own shoulders I will guarantee 500 tons to the acre of the best sauer kraut, which I will forward to the Maine State Fair, and will also guarantee that I will obtain for "Rex" the highest prize,—that of a fool's cap and bells. All hail, thou king of fools!

Yours truly, G. E. FISCHER.

Damariscotta, Me., May 16, 1879.

A RUNNING RACE NEXT SATURDAY.

On Saturday next there will be another 100-yards race, in two heats, to be run between Charles Ames and Stephen Sinclair. In the first heat Ames will have a 2 yards' start, and in the second heat they will both start from scratch.

A lively race is expected. Remember the place—on the fair grounds, the race to come off at 5:30 P. M.

ENVELOPES CHEAP! A good envelope with return request PRINTED in corner for \$2.50 PER THOUSAND —at the— JOURNAL OFFICE.

Local Paragraphs.

Mrs. Wickwire is gradually sinking. Miss Lydia Pryne is said to be improving. L. L. Thompson is spending a few days at home.

Trade of nearly all kinds is now in quite a flourishing state. Company "I" turned out and had a drill one evening last week.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Heaton lately visited friends in Madison county.

Thomas Sayles and little son left here to-day (Tuesday) for the West. Miss Mary Knight is teaching in district No. 7 in the town of Parish.

H. C. Beals and Maud are spending a few days with friends in this village.

J. B. Driggs is laying a substantial tile drain from his residence to Black Creek.

Huntington Guards drilled again last Monday night. They are preparing for Decoration day.

Theodore Green, J. C. Taylor's drug clerk, is at his father's, confined to the house by severe sickness.

Charles Alfred, of Chicago, son of our postmaster, arrived in town last Monday evening. His numerous friends are pleased to see him again.

E. L. Huntington, druggist, has commenced selling house and "bedding out" plants, and it looks as if that line of trade will be quite brisk for a few weeks.

About thirty members of the Reading Circle rode over to Sand Hill last Saturday evening, and enjoyed a very delightful time at the residence of Mr. Jesse Calkins.

Mrs. William Ayers, of Chicago, arrived at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Allen, Colosse, to-day (Tuesday), and intends to spend most of the summer with them.

Mrs. Adelaide Sturtevant, of Missouri, and her sister, of Ohio, daughters of William Taylor, formerly a resident here, and who died a few years ago in Missouri, are visiting friends in this vicinity.

Rev. Othniel Holmes, wife, and son, of Oneida county, have lately been spending a few days with Mr. Holmes' mother, Mrs. Burroughs Holmes, on account of the severe sickness of Miss Libbie Holmes, who is said to be improving very fast.

At the annual meeting and election of officers of the M. E. Church, held a few evenings since, J. M. Brown was elected and E. L. Huntington re-elected to fill vacancies in the board of trustees. Will Flint has been employed as sexton of the church.

Mr. J. D. McRae, of Oswego, and Miss Carrie Tuller, of this village, were united in marriage last Saturday evening, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. R. B. Lewis, of Watertown. We congratulate the happy pair, and wish the bride and bridegroom many pleasant years of domestic bliss.

A 100-yards race was run on the fair grounds last Saturday evening between Charley Ames and Stephen Sinclair. Sinclair won the race by about three feet. We are told that the time was 12 seconds. They afterwards started to run the distance the second time, but Charley gave out when it was about half finished. Sinclair ran the second race in about 11 seconds.

A very happy event transpired at the residence of Mr. Almeron Thomas Wednesday evening, May 14th, it being the union by marriage of Dr. E. M. Manwarren and Miss Emma Thomas, the interesting ceremony being performed by Rev. J. R. Lewis. The many friends of the bride and bridegroom wish them long, prosperous, and happy lives.

Decoration day occurs on Friday of next week. Ample preparations are being made for observing the day in this village in a manner befitting the occasion. Veteran soldiers and sailors, firemen, Huntington Guards, the Helicon Band, and, it is expected, citizens in general will take part in the ceremonies. There will be an oration delivered by Rev. J. R. Lewis.

Newton Parsons has lately purchased a new, elegant four-seated stage, manufactured by the

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

DEATH OF COLONEL SMITH.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Through the kindness of a deaf-mute lady in Ohio, who was well acquainted with Colonel Smith for many years, I have received the intelligence of his death. He died on the 19th of April. He had been quite feeble for several months. She tells me that when he was able to converse by signs, and seemed to enjoy his full reason, he said he was very willing to die soon, and was happy, seeming to feel no trouble at the near approach of death. He leaves a wife to mourn his death. She seems almost crazy, and says she wants to go home with him.

Colonel Smith was a native of Connecticut. He was not born deaf, but became so by severe sickness, when a small boy. He was educated at Hartford. He must have been one of the first, or nearly the first, graduates of that school, as it was opened in 1817, and in 1827 we find him in Ohio teaching the first deaf-mute school in that State.

In a letter from Mr. Job Turner, in your paper of September last, I notice that Mr. Plumb M. Park, a teacher, now in the Ohio Institution, was one of his scholars; also that his age was 80 years.

Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, N. H., had a letter in the JOURNAL of March 20th, inquiring after Colonel Smith, as he was an old schoolmate of his. Perhaps Mr. Brown could write something of his early history if he knew him when he was young. Any incidents of his life would interest me, as I have no means of learning of him. My father, who was his half-brother, has been dead 46 years, and I have not much knowledge of his relatives. I would like to know the name of his first wife before her marriage to him, and where she was educated, and also the name of his second wife. Colonel Smith's second wife, who now mourns his death, was his pupil. She related to my brother, who visited them some 20 years ago, that he used to punish her by spitting her hands. She would make the sign, and then they would laugh at the idea. She was some years younger than he. She was a tailor, and he was a shoemaker. He learned his trade, I think, at the American Asylum. His trade was sometimes called that of a cordwainer, which is making fine boots and shoes, of nice, fine leather. I would like to know the names of all his deaf-mute pupils in that little school of eleven, in Tallmadge, Summit county, in 1827 and 1828. Perhaps some of his friends would be willing to send such items to me if they do not choose to send them to the JOURNAL. Any such intelligence of uncle Colonel Smith would be very gratefully received. The means whereby we can obtain any history of the early pioneers of deaf-mute education are swiftly passing away.

Truly yours,

MRS. JOHN S. MILLER.

Wyoming, Wyoming Co., N. Y., May 7, 1879.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET AND REV. A. W. MANN ON THEIR MISSIONS.

DAVENPORT, Ia., May 14, 1879.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Very soon after the close of my last service at St. Paul's, Jackson, Mich., on Thursday evening, the 8th instant, I met the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet at the railway station. My congregation came down in a body and the Dr. left the train for a few moments to take them all by the hand.

We arrived at Michigan City early the next morning, and took a brief rest in bed, breakfasting somewhat late. It was not long before we met the rector of Trinity Parish, the Rev. C. J. Wood, at whose hospitable home we enjoyed ourselves during our stay in this attractive city. We, that is, Dr. Gallaudet, the rector, and the writer, dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bowes, who reside not far from the rectory. A service, in the silent language only, was held at three o'clock. The "special" was held at 7:45 p. m., and was well attended by the regular congregation. An interesting part of this service was the baptism of a lady by Dr. Gallaudet.

Leaving Michigan City and our kind host, at about eight o'clock the next morning we were on our way to Chicago. Arriving there, we made several calls. Bishop McLaren was at home in the afternoon and we had an opportunity to consult in reference to our work within his Diocese. The following day was Sunday. The Doctor and I met at Trinity Church in the forenoon to worship. Before the sermon Dr. Gallaudet made a brief statement regarding the work of the C. M. to D. M. to the regular congregation. We dined at the house of the Hon. Mr. Quick, an old friend of the Doctor, and an alumnus of Trinity College. A service in signs only was held at three o'clock, at St. James' Church, Rev. Dr. Harris, rector. The regular evening service began at five o'clock, at which Dr. Gallaudet preached, and made the usual statement regarding the work which he so prominently represents. We missed our friends Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, who have moved to a distance.

Monday morning found us speeding over the prairies towards Peoria, where our next appointment was. The Rev. W. B. Morrow, rector of St. Paul's Church, met us at the station on our arrival, which was at a little past five in the afternoon. We were his guests during our brief and delightful visit to that pretty city. The special service in the evening was very well attended by the regular congregation. Several of our people present had come long distances to enjoy the privilege of

worship and religious instruction. One came over fifty miles, and another not less than forty.

Leaving Peoria at 9:15 A. M. the next day, we arrived at Bureau, a small station on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, where we waited for a little over an hour for the westward-bound train. A ride of three hours brought us to Rock Island. We were sorry to learn of the absence of the rector, who had gone out somewhere on business. A heavy rain came on in the evening. As a consequence, the congregation at Trinity Church was very small. This rain was greatly needed, as, for nearly a month, the clouds had passed over these parts without parting with a drop of their treasures. After the service, as usual, those of our people gathered around the Doctor to shake hands and have a brief chat. Reaching the ferry-boat in time, we crossed over to Davenport, and walked up the bluff to the bishop's house, where we were staying. The next service is in the evening at the cathedral. I hope to speak of it in my next letter.

Yours,

A. W. MANN.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The remarkable increase of deaf-mutism within the past twenty years is something truly astounding, and is awakening the attention not only of our legislators and philanthropists, but, I may add, of all classes. It is being brought home to the community at large in ways both direct and indirect; and without pretending to possess the gift of prophecy, I venture to intimate that the time is coming when deaf-mutes, as a factor in the social fabric, will form a problem quite as perplexing as that embodied in "Gin's Baby." It is not my purpose to bring forward statistics and figures or census returns, nor is it necessary. I would simply point to the number of schools for deaf-mutes which have arisen over the length and breadth of our broad land within the past twenty years. Look at New York, where are six flourishing schools devoted exclusively to this class; look at New England, with her five, and yet more are wanted both in New York and New England, where twenty years ago one sufficed for each. Is not this proof indeed? And one may well ask whence this astonishing increase in the number of deaf-mutes. May there not be much truth in the theory advanced by that veteran instructor Rev. W. W. Turner, formerly connected with the American Asylum as teacher and principal for more than fifty years, who ascribes it to the intermarriage of congenital deaf-mutes? Wait a moment and let us see. During these twenty years there has been no increase in the number of schools for the blind, either in New York or New England; and when it is known that the blind rarely intermarry, or seldom marry at all, do you not think, sir, that this is significant and conclusive corroboration of Mr. Turner's theory?

I have the impression that in certain European countries the intermarriage of deaf-mutes is interdicted by law; and as year after year our legislators are beset for increased appropriations for the support of schools for deaf-mutes already established, and the equipment of new ones, will they not begin to think matters better be looked into, and interfere in behalf of present grumbling tax-payers, as well as of future unborn generations of deaf-mutes, and pass some such law as the above, forbidding the intermarriage of congenital deaf-mutes, which, in view of their demoralizing effects, have been aptly termed "unholy alliances," bringing as they do more unfortunate into the world to lament the hour of their birth, and causing an alarming increase of beggary? And this brings me to another question, for who does not know that within the past ten years the country has been overrun by deaf-mute beggars? They have penetrated to every city, town, village and hamlet, and many thousands, yes uncounted thousands, of dollars have they succeeded in politely importuning from the pockets of a benevolent and sympathetic public. These large sums have mostly gone to the support of a parcel of lazy fellows or some original of a deaf-mute society, notably that infamous fraud the "Massachusetts Deaf-Mutes' Christian Union," whose family lived high on the proceeds of beggary. I am sorry to add that this Tammany Ring concern still exists, as an incorporated society, to perpetuate the infamy of its originator. But what does all this point to but the necessity of a sweeping reform, and that quickly? or it may be feared that our shrewd legislators will soon be debating the expediency of turning our various deaf-mute institutions into unfortunate "asylums," where our unfortunate class may be lodged, boarded, and clothed in a systematic and economical manner.

Let the various institutions throughout the land take warning in time, and by judicious reforms, amend their present defective system for one more efficient and practical. Let them give up that factions ambition of competing with one another as to which shall send the largest number of graduates to college, and, instead, concentrate their efforts upon "doing the greatest amount of good to the greatest number." Then each individual graduate would be sent forth from their respective alma matres armed with a good trade, good habits and good principles, and equipped with the necessary command of written language to enable them to take their places as self-respected and self-supporting members of society, and in this way repay the debt which all indirectly incur who receive the benefits of our glorious system of free school education.

Respectfully yours,

P.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the National Deaf-Mute College--L. M. Larsons to the Front.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 14, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 13th of April Professor Morse, of this city, gave a lecture to the students of the National Deaf-Mute College on the "Young Men's Christian Association," and its progress in the colleges of the United States, and by the untiring efforts of Mr. Larson they have succeeded in organizing and electing officers. Mr. Larson is a thoroughgoing young man, and we doubt if there is another young deaf-mute of the nation who has done more to further the cause of Christianity and any more deserving of praise. Last fall, he, with the assistance of Mr. S. A. Tufts, organized a Sunday evening prayer-meeting, and by the generosity which is so characteristic of a Christian, won the hearts of his fellow-students, and in a very short time the meeting had a good attendance. When the president of the college learned of the determination of the students in organizing a Young Men's Christian Association, he very kindly tendered them his services, and the success of the association is largely due to his energy. He has given them a room in which to hold their meetings, and will soon rent a room, which will be used by the association as a reading room. The first meeting was held on the 1st of May, and the officers for the ensuing year were elected. They are as follows: President, L. M. Larson; Vice-President, S. A. Tufts; Recording Secretary, J. T. Elwell; Corresponding Secretary, J. A. Prince; Librarian, C. W. Carraway; Treasurer, L. A. Palmer. Resolutions were offered, and Messrs. Prince, Hammer, and Coleman were selected to draw up a constitution. A delegate was then chosen to represent the association at the Young Men's Christian Association convention, which will convene in Baltimore on the 21st of May. Another meeting was called by the president, and, upon motion of Mr. Tufts, Mr. Prince was chosen delegate to accompany Mr. Larson to the convention. Mr. Prince is to deliver an address orally, and Mr. Larson is to speak in the sign-language, which will be interpreted by President Gallaudet. This is a noble work, and one which is a bright and shining ornament to the college. Essex.

OBJECTED TO.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My old friend Mr. Hammer, in a letter published in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, suggested that we call our college simply "National College." Would not this change lead some among the speaking people to misunderstand the real object of the college? It seems to me that it would be as well to call it the "National University," and make our friends believe that Yale, Harvard, and Cornell have taken back seats.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 14, 1879.

GOOD FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S DEAF AND DUMB.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 12, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My subscription to the JOURNAL will be out in a few days. I enclose you one dollar and fifty cents to continue it another year. I am pleased to tell you that I take great interest in reading the JOURNAL. I am in hopes that all the old mutes in the world will like very much to read it. I think it is one of the brightest, most enterprising, and, withal, most liberal of the northern papers. I like to read the JOURNAL every week.

Sincerely yours,

T. C. CARRENDER.

[The writer must have forgotten to enclose the money as none was received by us with the letter.—Ed.]

SHOULD BE ADMITTED TO THE HOME.

WATERVILLE, N. Y., May 12, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I read in your paper of last April a letter from Prof. Job Turner. It made me recollect a deaf-mute gentleman named J. Henry Lloyd, who has been in this village, found us here, and visited us for some days last August. He looks good, is tall, with broad shoulders, has dark brown eyes, gray hair, full gray beard, and is of good complexion except that he seemed yellow, being bilious. His age is about 65 or 70 years. He has two sisters living in Connecticut and one brother in Ohio. I was not able to remember exactly what he complained of, though he is a great deal troubled about hard and dull times. His poor health fails him so that he has given up the artist business. Our village doctor spoke to my son about Lloyd, and he deeply sympathized with him, for he cannot live long. He gave him some medicine to help him. They say he ought to be taken care of by charity, instead of traveling anywhere. He was saying that he expected to die before long, and that he was journeying east or somewhere else on account of his ill-health. We told him that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet would kindly admit him to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. He is very intelligent, and is a Christian, though he seemed somewhat eccentric from his being sick. He graduated from the American Asylum.

I was sorry to read in your paper, that Mrs. G. J. Chandler is sick, and hope she will recover.

We are all well at present. Mr. Risley is very busy making lots of rotary churns, instead of building houses, barns, &c., in these dull times.

We all are very much interested in reading your excellent paper.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. GOODRICH E. RISLEY.

CANADIAN NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Two young men recently escaped from the Ann Arbor, Mich., jail have been recaptured at Amherstburg, and handed over to the sheriff. Constable Sparks, who made the arrest, gets the reward.

An eccentric individual named William Southgill recently died in Montreal under peculiar circumstances. He had been ill for some time, but refused all attendance. He kept a loaded revolver at his bedside to shoot either doctor or clergyman who might be tempted to visit him. He was in a disgustingly filthy state at the time of his death.

Notwithstanding the many great objections to boat racing and kindred sports, it is impossible not to feel a thrill of satisfaction at the news of the Canadian champion's victory over the English miner, who never before suffered defeat. The Toronto boy has plainly demonstrated that the thews and sinews of the children are as hard and well developed as those of the parent stock, and to the average Englishman this is a fact of more importance than if Canada had produced a Shakespeare, a Bacon, or a Carlyle. The exhibition on the Tyne, on the 5th inst., could hardly be called a race. The Canadian took his time, and actually stopped over and over again on his course, while his competitor worked with all his might, apparently putting the strength of a giant into each stroke. Hanlan is now matched with the English champion, Elliott, and is declared to be the favorite in betting circles. This betting is the worst feature of these physical contests, but not the only one, as the same training which develops the muscles draws upon the vital forces while the contests themselves involve a strain on the heart which seldom fails, sooner or later, to prove fatal.

Dr. Isaac Butt, R. C., and M. P. for Limerick, from which he has for some time been suffering, was born in 1813, and is said to be a descendant of the ancient chiefs of Tyrconnell—the O'Donnells. Successful in obtaining a scholarship at Trinity College, he graduated in 1835, with high classical and mathematical honors. He was appointed professor of political economy at his alma mater in 1836, and two years later he was called to the bar. In 1844 he was made a barrister, and four years later he made for himself a name in his profession by his defence of Smith O'Brien and his fellow prisoners, who were tried in 1848 for high treason. He also defended the famous Fenian prisoners of 1865. His name thus became associated more or less with the "patriotic" disturbances for which Ireland is so famous, and, although a staunch Protestant, he was beloved and honored by the Catholic hierarchy, priests, and people throughout Ireland. In 1852 he was elected to Parliament for the English borough of Harwich in Essex. With the instincts of an Irishman in his heart, it is not strange that he was next chosen by an Irish constituency, that of Youghal, and as Member for that town, or the city of Limerick, he has since been seldom out of Parliament. In conjunction with John Francis Maguire he founded the Home Rule party, of which he has ever since the death of Maguire been the real leader. For some time, principally because of his more moderate course, he became unpopular with the hot heads of his party, but he succeeded in retaining the leadership, and continued to be much beloved in Ireland.

JOHN BROOKS.

Toronto, Can., May 12, 1879.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 12, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have only time to drop you a line to let you know that regular divine services were yesterday conducted at Calvary Church, at 11 o'clock A. M., by the Rev. Dr. White and the writer, and at St. Mary's Cathedral, at 8 o'clock P. M., by the Rev. Dr. Haines and myself. The church and cathedral were both very well filled; as well as if I were not a deaf-mute. To the Lord our God belongs the success and prosperity of the work in which this missionary has been providentially placed.

Before service at the former church Dr. White introduced me to a lady, and told me that she was hard of hearing, though she could talk well. I talked with her on paper. A few minutes afterwards, through his influence, I made the acquaintance of another lady, who informed me that her father had a deaf and dumb colored man who was still a servant.

A young bright-eyed lady, beautifully dressed, who almost captured me, appeared herself to me, spelt fast on her well-formed fingers, and asked me if I knew Mr. and Mrs. Haight, of New York, the latter *nee* Miss Church, the Memphis deaf-mute belle.

At the cathedral, after service, I met Mr. A. J. Norris, a deaf-mute, a native of Huntsville, Ala., and a resident of this city. He was educated at Indianapolis and Knoxville, Tenn. He says that David Banks, once educated at Indianapolis and Knoxville, died here of yellow fever last fall. Everybody here looks happy and busy. He says that Mrs. Francis M. Cooper, formerly Miss Norris, sister of Mr. Norris, lives about fourteen miles from here, with four children, all possessed of all their faculties in perfection. She is, however, a deaf-mute.

Last Saturday I met a bright dark-eyed lady in this hotel, (Peabody), who spelt on her fingers before me. She told me that she had a deaf and dumb brother, named Whoon, and that he was dead.

I am pleasantly quartered at this splendid hotel, the dining-hall of which is much finer than any that I have seen since I entered upon this work. From my chamber room can be seen the majestic Mississippi River and Arkansas, which State I shall enter at 5 o'clock this afternoon. I shall reach Little Rock to-morrow at 2:20 A. M. Superintendent Hammond has sent me a very kind invitation which I appreciate highly.

I cannot close this letter without saying that while in Nashville, Tenn., I received a kind letter from my faithful friend Thomas N. Head, Esq., of Hooksett, N. H., in which he said that he and his friends wanted me to conduct divine services in that place on Saturday and Sunday, July 19th and 20th, which invitation I have cheerfully accepted. I shall be glad to meet my friends there on those days if God spares my unworthy life.

Sincerely yours,

JOB TURNER.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 14, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I am about starting for Austin, and cannot, therefore, write you a long letter. I expect to reach my destination next Friday morning. I have received a letter from General McCulloch, welcoming me to the institution at Austin.

O! that you knew what a pleasant time I have had with Superintendent Hammond and his lady and officers at the institution, one mile from Little Rock. The institution has a very beautiful location, and the scenery is grand. There are fifty-two pupils and three teachers, one of whom is Mr. A. M. Martin, a deaf-mute, and the others are Misses Synder and Patten, both speaking ladies. The institution has four principals, viz., Mount, Caruthers, Jenkins, and Hammond, the present incumbent. Mr. Caruthers has gone to another world, and his wife has resigned her place as matron and has gone to Oberlin, O., to live. The institution has a fine vegetable garden, out of which seventeen hundred tons of stones have, Mr. Hammond says, been picked up. He says he has been eating green peas for the last three weeks. Corn is as high as your knee. Mr. Hammond says that Arkansas will give 160 acres of land to any one who will settle in this State and clear ten acres. They expect none but industrious and well-behaved emigrants to settle here.

To-night a service for deaf-mutes has been conducted at the Episcopal Church by the Rev. Mr. Tupper and the writer, in the presence of Superintendent Hammond, his officers and intelligent pupils.

Little Rock is called the "Rose City" because it is full of flowers. Many years ago a Frenchman explored Arkansas River without seeing any rock, and when he saw the first rock he called it "Little Rock;" it was where the city now stands. About thirty miles distant is Big Rock, and if a settlement were to be made upon that rock it would be named "Big Rock." Small steamboats can ascend the Arkansas River as far as Fort Smith. There are a great many wild flowers in the woods, which would, if safely transplanted, beautify any garden. One of the deaf-mute boys showed me a dangerous animal, called a Centipede, which can bite and kill any person in two or three days. I am told that large spiders, called Tarantulas, as long as a man's hand, can bite and kill any person. One of the boys told me that there was a fight between those animals and a wasp. The wasp, though as long as the common wasp, conquered and killed them both. I am told that king snakes, as large as your arm, are plenty, and can kill larger ones.

I may properly say that Miss Harwood, once a teacher in the Virginia Institution for more than 22 years, came eighty miles to attend a service here. She has the same smiling face as when I saw her at Staunton, Va., sixteen years ago, and she would and could teach well again if any institution would offer her a place as teacher. I can safely recommend her as a good teacher and an amiable lady. Mr. Covell, while principal of the Virginia Institution, told me that she had very fine influence over the deaf-mute girls committed to her charge. Her nephew, Colonel Duffie, was president of the senate last winter. She lives with her sister in Princeton, Dallas county, Ark.

Mr. Martin, one of the teachers in this institution, has witnessed everything which has transpired since the establishment of this school, and would have told me all if I could have decided to stay longer, but duty must carry me off to-morrow morning.

Sincerely yours,

JOB TURNER.

WILL TRY TO HELP THE JOURNAL.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will be much obliged to any one who can give me any information concerning the whereabouts of Mrs. Doggins, formerly of Providence, R. I. She was on a visit to New York State three summers ago, and has not been heard of since. I know of many semi-mutes, like myself, who would be glad to subscribe for your paper. I will try to help you enlarge the list of its subscribers as soon as I can.

"Down Easter" wrote that "Rambler" was sorely puzzled by my knowing who he was. His real name is mentioned quite often, and also many more of your correspondents are mentioned. He said his real name was not known but to a few of his personal friends, and one of those was a lady. I know who that lady is. Some time I will explain the mystery which is now unknown to him. I am very well known among many eastern deaf-mutes, and also to a few of the western deaf-mutes.

ERNESTINE.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The Presentation Day of the class of '79 took place on the 7th inst., with nothing to mar it. The day was all that the persons most interested could desire, being warm and bright. It was such as would tempt any one in the city to come for a stroll through Kendall Green, if for nothing else. Situated outside the city limits, far from the "maddening crowd," the green presents the appearance of a bit of the country, beautiful with its closely mown lawns and winding avenues; but it never appeared to better advantage than on this lovely day, when the weather was mild even to softness, and the freshly planted flowers were in full bloom here and there on the grounds, imparting a beauty and richness to the scene unknown before. To prevent our chapel from being overcrowded, a notice was put in the papers to the effect that none but those who had cards of invitation would be admitted to our exercises. As a consequence, the audience was not as large as that of last year; nevertheless the reception committee had enough to do, and more chairs were wanted than could be supplied.

Precisely as the iron tongue in the tower tolled forth the hour of three the wide doors were flung open, and the marshal, Lester Goodman, of '80, entered, preceding a procession of the most honored guests to the platform. President Gallaudet headed the procession with President Hayes. It would have been no more than right at this juncture for the audience to rise and remain standing until President Hayes had seated himself. It was a token of respect due to his high position in this republic, but by some oversight the audience did not perform this act of civility. Probably they wanted some one to set the example, and while each waited for the other to take the lead, none got up at all. The case might have been different if the students had had a place reserved for them, where they could have risen up in a body and done the honors of the occasion to President Hayes. Some of them did, indeed, wave their handkerchiefs, but being in the rear, and out of sight, of course they could not arouse much enthusiasm on the part of the audience. Mrs. Hayes graced the occasion with her presence, with other ladies of the Cabinet and some of the wives of congressmen. There were some peculiar people present, i. e., the Chinese legation, and they seemed to take an intelligent interest in the exercises. They were quiet and orderly, which is more than can be said of some others, particularly some hoodlums from California or the North and the South. So much for the audience. Now for the exercises.

Prayer was offered at the outset. Then Jerome T. Elwell, of Philadelphia, delivered a dissertation upon "Dr. Samuel Johnson." Any one unacquainted with Dr. Johnson could gain a tolerably correct idea of his genius and character, in public or private, from a perusal of this essay. It was written in a style clear and to the point, varied here and there by occasional flights of eloquence. Probably no other student in this college has worked his way thus far against so many difficulties and overcome them as has Mr. Elwell. He is a semi-mute, and it would have been a no harder task for him to graduate from here than for any others who have successfully pursued their course, but he had to contend with a weak constitution. Twice had he been compelled by his ill-health to leave college, and twice had he returned to finish his education. If ever a man deserved his "B. A." it is Mr. Elwell, and his friends cannot but share the joy which he feels in having at last attained the goal towards which all his hopes and ambition have been directed these long years, in spite of the difficulties which beset him on the steep road to knowledge. He can rest now, if he will, on his well-earned laurels.

After Mr. Elwell, John Albert Prince, of Massachusetts, stepped upon the platform and delivered his dissertation orally—a new departure from the ordinary course of exercises for several years, and a second instance of the kind that has occurred in the history of our college. His voice, which he had taken the wise precaution to keep in good order by the constant practice of reading aloud and speaking to his friends, could be heard distinctly in the vast assembly, the utmost silence which reigned enabling this to be done. His subject, "The Educational Value of the Natural Sciences," which must seem a little too deep for most persons, he dressed up in a form pleasing to the ear and interesting to the mind. There were in it evidences of a high order of imagination and a poetical turn of mind. His remarks were translated into signs by Professor Gordon for the benefit of such as were willing to strain their eyes in order to catch the meaning, which in more cases than one they failed to do. In all those cases where signs were used the speakers might well have saved themselves the trouble, for the distance from the platform to the lecture room was too great, and none cared to strain their eyes in order to catch what was at best but indistinct.

To return to the subject on hand. Having lost his hearing at a very advanced age—17 or 18—Mr. Prince retains many of the habits he had before the loss of hearing came upon him; among others a fondness for the society of hearing and speaking people, a fact which easily accounts for the host of friends he has made during his stay in this city. His life has been an eventful one. While yet a boy

he served as third mate on board his father's ship, and in time, no doubt, he would have risen to the position of captain. But one day, during a terrible gale, his hearing organs became paralyzed from the exposure of many hours to the elements, thus depriving him of a sense necessary to one in his position. After having applied in vain to doctors for relief, who beguiled him with hope after hope, only to be disappointed, he cried with Hamlet "Throw physic to the dogs," and came here to learn the method of sign-language. But he has not wholly given up hope, for hope, as the poet says, springs eternal in the human breast. However, there is some ground for this hope, as there have been cases where deafness caused by paralysis has been cured. It was at first his intention to spend only a year or two here, but, yielding to the fascination of a college life, he has stayed until he has nearly graduated.

Mr. Prince was succeeded by James J. Murphy, of Wisconsin, who delivered an oration upon "Railroads," a very practical subject, and in keeping with his matter-of-fact nature. Mr. Murphy is a congenial mute and, as such, deserves congratulations for having gained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. To him there was no royal road to learning, and the degree which he has gained was won by hard work and close application. His case is like that of a few others who had to contend with the disadvantages that attended their birth, in regard to language, but "where there is a will, there is a way," and by patient study and indefatigable perseverance he has acquired a fair command of the English language, as well as won his degree. His oration was not, as many may suppose, a brief, dry sketch of the origin or progress of the iron rails that span continents; it touched but lightly upon these, and described the great importance of railroads and their wonderful convenience to the world. Like a true stranger, he made a neat little argument in favor of cheap transportation.

Then President Porter, of Yale College, occupied the attention of the audience for an hour and a half upon "Modern Teaching; its Opportunities and its Perils." His brother, Professor Porter, translated his remarks into signs for our benefit. It was an interesting spectacle, the sight of the two brothers; both were advanced in life; both were ripe scholars, but with this difference, that one had given to the world the fruit of his vast literary knowledge in several works of inestimable educational value, while the other, by no means inferior to his brother in learning, has been prevented by a modesty which I must call excessive from giving the world the full benefit of his stores of knowledge. But if he has never written a book, he has at least assisted at many of the best that our literature possesses. His name is mentioned with gratitude in Worcester's and Webster's Dictionaries, in President Gallaudet's new text book on International Law, and others. It is a pity that so much learning, so much knowledge of the English language, should be buried with him.

This class of '79 has had a remarkably chequered existence. Originally, it began in the freshman class, with seven students. But what with resignations, suspensions, or deaths, the number has diminished to one. That solitary one is Mr. Prince, Mr. Elwell having entered the class in the sophomore year and Mr. Murphy belonged to last year's class.

The bouquet presents were lovely, as the young ladies would say, and Mr. Prince carried off the lion's share. The class has chosen a cosy nook on the south side of the building as the place for their ivy, where it is sheltered from the cold north winds. The engraving of the class motto is the largest and best that has ever been seen within the walls of this college. In broad letters the motto stands thus, "Spectemur Agendo," while underneath the year '79 is engraved, and three links are cut in the stone, containing the initials "M," "E," "P,"—a pretty idea of three hearts united in class friendship. The idea of the motto is this: Let us be judged by our own deeds.

During the day Randall Douglass had a stand near the gate, where he sold card-sized views of our buildings and grounds. The views are very fine, though printed in so small a form, and would look pretty in an album. The students have bought them by the hundreds. Though he turns out first-class work, his terms are really very moderate, so much so indeed that we wondered how he could make much out of them, but "small profits and quick sales" is his motto. He has recently photographed Mr. Prince's card load of flowers and the class. In the class picture the members stand out in large but plain outlines, revealing the very expression of their eyes.

A reporter of the Washington Post, who was present, wrote a gushing description of our Presentation Day, beginning with sentimental trash about the students being glum, spiritless, and moody before that day, as if we had lost all our brains with our sense of hearing! We are tired of being pitied, lamented about, and sentimentalized over. It is time for the world-at-large to know that we want none of their pity, and that we can laugh, pass a joke, run about, fight, or, in short, enjoy life with the best of them. I am glad to say that the reporters of the Daily Critic, the National Republican, and other papers showed better judgment.

There cannot be named a single pursuit or enterprise of human beings, in which there is so little possibility of failure, as in praying for sanctification.—J. W. Alexander

